

onds! A few men only were seen to leap wildly from the turret as she was riddled. These were the only killed on the

water except the splash and gurgle she made as she went down. The full force of the terrible torpedoes expended itself

inside the vessel. I could scarcely believe my eyes. We were possibly not more than a few minutes from being rescued. It had been ordered that I should not fire until we were touching. The event created a great commotion. I was so excited that I knew I felt intense relief at seeing her disappear - not of rejoicing at the terrible fate of the ship, but that she did look so formidable an antagonist.

A HEROIC ACT.

To the French vessel, the *Arctique*, which was in the same situation, unfalteringly and bravely; and when at last the token of surrender was given, the vessel was seen to be waving her flag, and the words, "We are here," whispering "we could have done better."

With Capt. Johnston, the commander of the *Arctique*, I was in conversation, and was taken on board the "Ossipee."

There the warm-hearted courtesy and hospitality of the French officers, and the able officer, Lieut. John A. Howell, and, indeed, of all his officers, touched us most.

There were ten men killed and sixteen wounded in the confederate squadron

Admiral Farragut's official report shows that, as the fleet moved on, the Confederates composed the entire force opposed to him.

IT IS THE HARDFORD, and one speaks for her, but she is too fast

for us, and only a starting percussion shell, intended to strike at the water line, is sent after her, and exploding over the forecastle, seems to clear that deck of the ship. The explosion is so, and one after another, in a great hurry—burly—in the midst of a rain of shot and shell both going and coming—with an unsuccessful attempt on our part to ram one head-on, one there the federal ship is disabled. No more vengeful torpedoes do their work.

BACK TO FORT MORGAN.

We steam back near Fort Morgan—go up on the shield of the Tennessee and look around. No casualties so far on the ram. The "Selma" has been captured after a gallant stand.

"Gaines" is in a sinking condition near the shore, and the "Morgan" is not far off apparently uninjured. The latter

possession of the station at the springs, destroying all the telegraph instruments and compelling the agent to hang out a red light. When the train reached Mexico City, putting the train and passengers under guard. The express car was broken into, and the safe robbed of about \$75,000. The passengers were also robbed. To delay the train reaching Mexico City, the station at Saltillo was given, the fire in the locomotive was weakened. A freight train overtaking the express, its engine went to Ogalala, from which point a report of the robbery was made. The robbers are believed to have gained the train at Saltillo, and offered a reward of \$5,000 for the arrest of the thieves.

SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS GOLD COIN TAKEN.

The train arrived at Big Springs, entered 10 p. m. The EXPRESS left Yss, entered

NOW FOR THE FLEET AGAIN.

[illegible]

to look after; while the enemy had to be careful in handling the many and not to let them escape. Indeed it happened during the

engagement, that their flagship was run into and cut down nearly to the water's edge by one of their own vessels.

OPENING OF THE BALL.

We soon approached the enemy. A half mile off I distinctly recollect firing a bolt at the bunch of federal vessels.

naval combat the like of which history has not seen. For an hour or more a

single file of a hundred guns. The focus of the fire of the cannons was. Cannon ahead and cannon astern, cannon to starboard and cannon to port, volleyed and thundered: a perfect storm of shot rained upon our shield, and from within it for a long time came forth in reply peal after peal, shrill and loud, and the shrieking

one of them. At one time a monitor—a hideous looking monster it then ap-

heard—came creeping up on our port side. The slowly revolving turret revealed the cavernous depths of a monster gun.

"STAND CLEAR OF THE PORT SIDE!" I shouted. An instant after a thundering report shook us all, a blast of dense, sulphurous smoke covered our port-holes.

ticket to Chicago. One man, name Morris, lost a gold watch and \$480 in money. The police of a nearby town

of solid wood encased by five inches of  
solid iron. This was the only fifteen-  
inch shot that struck us. It did not  
come through; the inside netting caught  
the splinters, and there were no casual-  
ties from it. I was glad to find myself  
alive after that shot.

In army style, charge after charge was made by the federal vessels upon the Ten-

nesses. The steamer was under way, and one or two vessel sailing in company with it. The sides of another and sinking it by sheer weight; and it was persisted in with a will, daring and unflinching bravery worthy of success. I remember the first shock; "twas, I believe, by the Monongahela—a 1,400 ton ship rushing through the water at ten knots an hour. The spirits of the surrounding citizens and the commanding officers of military posts throughout Schuylkill and Wyoming along the Union Pacific railway, had been notified of the robbery, and every thing possible will be done to effect arrests.

A Nice Note for Brimham

He was, after all, but a Sam Slick, with a blasphemous "mission." His am-

it I was going through the air. "What is the matter, Capt. Johnson?" I asked. "We've been rammed, sir," was the response from the pilot-house, where he was standing. Our adversary damaged herself badly and did us no harm. Five times the effort was made to sink us by ramming and five times it failed. The pilot-house, however, went beyond coining farmers wives out of dollars and cents. He lied on grand and deceived by the whole sale; and it can scarcely fail to be reckoned among the curiosities of American civilization in the nineteenth century that this cunning, brazen knave whose fate in a preceding age would

She came in gallant style bearing down  
quartering on our port-bow and struck  
us a glancing blow. While alongside and

BROADSIDE OF FIFTEEN GUNS, throwing an aggregate of 1,200 pounds of metal! What a huge effort it seemed to crush us at once, but it did no material injury. We had two guns to respond and they did so with fatal effect. After

blackened her sides around the two star-holes.

And so. Instead of ramming we were being rammed, we began the battering and it ended in our being battered. Our port shepher, movable upon pivots and intended to protect the men while leading, were one after another jammed in a closed condition, the steering apparatus and relieving tackles shot away, the

shield, steam going down consequently, and we became as

While the attempt was making by a fireman and seaman to remove one of the rammed shrouts, a shot struck the edge of the port, and breaking into innumerable fragments sent one of these men figuratively and literally into a thousand pieces, and mortally wounding the